

HOPELESSLY ROMANTIC

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT

It's late at night. The distant skyline is all lit up. Cars honk in the distance. Laughter can be heard. That's when we come upon...

EXT. AIMEE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

MATTHEW (20's, kind-eyed) is walking with his date AIMEE (20's, sweet and sincere) to her apartment door. They're laughing and smiling, enjoying each other's company.

It's also pretty obvious that they're both more than a little tipsy at the moment.

MATTHEW

I don't know what to tell you- My food was super hot- I had to spit it out!

AIMEE

(thru snorts of laughter)
But it shot out so fast! It hit the wall!

MATTHEW

Well I'm not good at aiming when my mouth is on fire, Aimee!

They stop at her door. The laughter settles. A moment passes.

AIMEE

I had a blast tonight, Matthew. We should do it again.

MATTHEW

Yeah definitely, I'd love to.

(beat)

And maybe next time I'll check the temperature of my food before I bite it. Save us the trouble.

Aimee laughs. Matthew smiles. And for a brief time, they share a quiet little moment... it would probably be a great time for them to kiss... a perfect time actually... but of course Matthew's nervous ass has to go and fuck it all up:

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Well, uh... I'd hate to just keep you standing out here all night...

AIMEE
Oh, I don't mind...

She leans in a little closer. But for some odd reason, Matthew takes a tiny step back. He's clearly nervous and Aimee notices. The mood has been killed.

AIMEE (CONT'D)
(a little taken aback)
Oh... Okay. Um... Goodnight then,
Matthew.

An awkward beat. Aimee half-smiles, a bit disappointed, and enters her apartment. As she closes the door, Matthew utters-

MATTHEW
Goodnight!

-But it's too late for that. She's already closed the door, leaving Matthew all alone. He knows he screwed up.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
(quiet, to himself)
Shit.

With his tail between his legs, Matthew shuffles away from the door.

INT. MATTHEW'S CRAPPY SEDAN (PARKED) - MOMENTS LATER

Just outside Aimee's Apartment. Matthew opens the door and slides into the driver's seat, but doesn't turn the engine on. He just sits for a long moment. Sad and dejected.

He let's out a depressed sigh and slams his head onto the steering wheel, which causes it to HONK LOUDLY!

Then, out of nowhere, a VOICE can be heard from within the car.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
That was rough, Matthew.

Matthew JOLTS UPWARDS. He looks around frantically but there's no one else in the car with him.

MATTHEW
What the hell... Who just said-

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
And I've seen rough in my day. I mean, for godsakes, I'm made out of leather!

MATTHEW
WHO JUST SAID THAT!?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I did. Check your floorboard,
dummy.

MATTHEW
Dummy?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Just check your floorboard!

Matthew looks down at the area where his feet are, but there's nothing. He checks the passenger-side floorboard and spots something - a WALLET. Or more specifically: Aimee's Wallet. Matthew picks it up and observes it.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Bingo!

Matthew drops the wallet and it lands on the passenger seat. The Male Voice is COMING FROM THE WALLET.

WALLET
I'm Aimee's Wallet!

MATTHEW
I'm so confused-

WALLET
No, you're Matthew.

MATTHEW
(beat)
... Did you just make a Dad joke?

WALLET
You bet I did!

MATTHEW
HOW ARE YOU TALKING!?

WALLET
Does it matter?

MATTHEW
Yes!

WALLET
Well it's hard to explain. The point is that I'm Aimee's Wallet!

MATTHEW

I know, you've already said that.

WALLET

You like Aimee, don't you Matthew?

MATTHEW

... Yeah.

WALLET

You *really* like Aimee, don't you?

MATTHEW

I guess I do, yeah. You're a bit nosy, aren't you?

WALLET

You'd kiss her if you could, right?

MATTHEW

Uh- Why does that matter?

WALLET

Answer the question.

MATTHEW

(beat, giving in)

I mean... yeah, I'd like to.

WALLET

THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU DUMMY!?

Matthew is stuck on his words.

MATTHEW

I, uh... *Pass*.

WALLET

That's what I thought. You wanted to kiss her, but you didn't. Why?

MATTHEW

It just... It didn't feel like-

WALLET

What?

MATTHEW

Jesus, can you let me talk!?

WALLET

Go ahead, Matthew!

MATTHEW

I don't know... I was nervous... I like her a lot and I didn't want to screw it up- But it sucks because that's exactly what I just did!

A moment of silence.

WALLET

Matthew I'm gonna tell you something. I've come to life for one reason and one reason only: To help you. I'm gonna give you a second chance.

MATTHEW

How?

WALLET

I'm Aimee's Wallet, right?

MATTHEW

Yes. Why do you keep telling me that, I get it, you're her wallet!

WALLET

And if I'm here. And I'm not with Aimee, what do you think that means?

MATTHEW

(lightbulb goes off)

She forgot you in my car!

WALLET

Exactly! This is your second chance to right your wrongs! But here's the question... are you gonna take it?

MATTHEW

(deadpan)

No, I'm not gonna take her wallet, I'm gonna give it back to her- I thought that was the plan.

WALLET

I mean are you gonna take the chance to fix everything?

MATTHEW

Well yeah. *Duh.*

Matthew grabs Aimee's Wallet and exits the car.

EXT. AIMEE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Matthew arrives at Aimee's door, wallet in hand. He hesitates for a moment before knocking on the door. Eventually Aimee opens up, dressed in her pajamas.

AIMEE
Oh... Hi, Matthew. Do you need something?

Matthew tries to find the words...

AIMEE (CONT'D)
... What?

... Fuck it. Matthew takes a step forward and KISSES AIMEE.

It's a kiss worth the wait. And when they eventually let up:

MATTHEW
You, uh... You forgot your wallet in my car.

AIMEE
Oh! Wow, uh... Thank you, Matthew.

There's a nice little moment where all they do is stare at each other. Then Matthew remembers something:

MATTHEW
Hey, did you know your wallet can talk?

MUSIC UP: "Hey Lover" by Blake Mills.

BLACKOUT.